

THE BIG BLUE UNION.

BY G. D. SWEARINGEN.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

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NOW.

Arise, for the day is passing
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are called in armor,
And forth to fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining a hard-fought field,
Of storming the airy fortress,
Of bidding that giant yield!
Your life may have deeds of glory,
Of honor; God grant it may!
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or needed as now to-day.

Arise! If the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
And or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away;
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson,
Of a noble strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
The sound that you dimly hear,
Is your enemy marching to battle;
Rise! rise! for the foe is near.
Stay not to brighten your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
And from dreams of a coming battle
You will awake and find it past.

SPEECH OF GOVERNOR ANDREW.

Of Massachusetts, at a war meeting on 10 ton con mon:

Mr. President, and friends and fellow-citizens—I greet this patriotic and enthusiastic gathering of uncounted thousands of the people of Massachusetts with the most cordial and grateful homage. I would that I might coin my very heart in words, that by some fitting phrase, by some power of real, inspiring eloquence, I might speak to you, heart to heart, man to man, citizen to citizen, brother to brother—the last word perhaps it may be my fortune to utter before the grand army of Massachusetts now called from peaceful life to join their gallant brethren in the field shall march from our revered and holy soil.

You are here drafting yourselves together at the call—the gathering of the clans of liberty, the heroic sons, the patriotic citizens of Massachusetts, parading yourselves together in voluntary pageant, preliminary to the voluntary march.

I do not see in this long array of stalwart men, I do not perceive in these kindling eyes and on these glowing cheeks the mere desire to stimulate by banners and by grand array the zeal and patriotism of other men. I perceive in it the spontaneous expression of individual purpose and of a combined and gathering will. These bands who have passed before our sight are citizens of Massachusetts who have already drawn themselves, I trust, to join the army, where soon they will draw the sword and point the bayonet. It is your task,

your duty and mine, each after the measure of his capacity in the sphere in which Providence may place us, not merely to aid in saving the Union, to restore to its wonted sway the starry banner of this republic from the Northern border down the Mexican Gulf, and from the Atlantic shore to the Pacific sea, but to fight a battle, to engage in a great campaign where the principles of democratic government are the stake for which we play; not simply where the perpetuity of institutions formed by man's hands or framed by the scheming brain, not merely for the preservation of our form of government, liberal and free, not merely for the perpetuity of holy and patriotic memories in the past, but for the preservation and perpetuation of all that makes a people free, a people happy, a nation glorious. (Cheers)

We stand as did the band of Leonidas, the Spartan, just where the hordes are pouring down to destroy not merely Greece, but to destroy civilization and to bury liberty. This is a historic hour, fraught with the destinies of a nation, and more than a nation—with the destinies of humanity.

Whoso sheds a drop of patriotic blood, whoso strikes a patriotic blow beneath this flag and for the support of the principles and ideas that banner symbolizes, strikes for liberty and for man. (Enthusiastic cheers) All over the earth, wherever beneath the blessed sunshine of the sky man mourns beneath the yoke of bondage, wherever privilege strikes down and tramples with its iron foot upon the neck of man, wherever right is denied and power usurps its throne, wherever hope with waiting eye but fond aspiring heart looks up for God, praying for the hour when mankind shall rise to the dignity of its immortal nature, there the eye is cast to this Western world of ours, the only home on this bright green earth where, with equal right, man standing by his brother, holds with equal hand his own equal share of the power of Government and the rights of the nation.

Men in other days and times have fought for kingdoms—you fight, each man for himself. Man in other lands may fight for crowns—each man here fights for the crown of his own honor and for the ensign of his own dignity and power. Whether born upon our soil or in other lands and wandering here, you are citizens of this united government, equally sharing in the heritage of freedom. Its opportunities and blessings belong to you all; and they who do not include in their calculations of the present, or of the future, this element of the sagacious sense and intuitive understanding of this people, of their rights and of their capacity to maintain them, have never understood the people, nor ever appreciated those principles of liberty which we inherit from our fathers, and which we hold under the providence of God.

And now whoever may prophesy evil, whoever may cast a shadow over our future, wherever any man's hope may wane, and whosoever's heart may quail, I have no sympathy with him, I have no share in his prognostications of evil, I neither seek his counsel, and I spurn him from mine. Whatsoever people are worthy to be saved by their own right hands are able to be saved, and I see to-day here before me the sure sign, and a certain prophecy of the early deliverance of our people and the early freedom of our land from the curse which now appals my heart and casts its awful shadow over you all in this enthusiastic, and happy gathering of the people themselves.

It needs not me to tell you here why from all the workshops of this dear old Boston, you have issued, shutting your doors behind you, that you might give this undivided day to the cause of your country. It is because, with one unanimous consent, with one voice, this people have

dedicated themselves for their own salvation. What care we for busy industry, for private ambition, or personal aspiration, or hope, or family or friends, in the face of the great woe laid upon us all, in the language of the Apostle, "if we give not ourselves to these things?"

And now, sirs, it is only that I might venture to speak one single word of hope and encouragement that I tore myself away from cares and duties which forbid me the opportunities of preparation for speech, and I am here this afternoon much more that I might drink in from the warm breath of your hearty zeal and patriotism, an encouragement which all who labor daily in this cause do so much need. When the flesh is weak and weary and faint, how it thrills the heart and stimulates the courage and hope of man, to feel the beating heart of a sympathetic brother.

There is no one of you whose hand, I know if I grasped it, would not be warm, whose words if they could be whispered in my ear alone would not be "God bless you!" as mine would be "God bless you, my brother!" for all that you do for all of us, and for all our children.

But I confess to you my friends, that I can hardly say that beautiful and captivating and inspiring as this scene is, I can hardly say my heart is here. It is far away, where your friends are to-day, down by the waters of the Rappahannock, on the soil of that Virginia which your brothers' blood has made sacred forever. Fond memory carries us with them, our brothers and our friends, who are to-day upon the soil of the Old Dominion, holding up the flag of the country, the honor of the nation, the hopes, the rights and dignity of us all. Who of us, this afternoon, has made up his mind to follow them? Who shall pitch his white tent upon the banks of the Rappahannock and march wherever the army of Virginia marches, beneath the flag, to carry the principles it symbolizes and the rights it would perpetuate? All this will have been wasted and worse than lost if we do not go. What will be the value of all this gathering of the people if this gathering stays at home? What will be the use of the shouts that have rung in our ears this afternoon, if they do not reach the Massachusetts men, the Pennsylvania men, the Indiana and Wisconsin soldiers, the soldiers of the Union everywhere? When the battle is thick and the sabres fall fast; when the shouts of the battle are ringing over the fields; when the trampling of the horses are adding confusion to the noise of the battle; and when garments bathed in blood are bestrewn the plain; when your brothers, gathered together with perhaps decimated ranks, fighting with unequal numbers against the savage foe, threatening them with death on the field even though captives of war, or death in the dreary dungeons—of what avail to them, to this cause, to the wives and children left at home by them—of what use to our future if we all stay here and do not arise and hurry to their aid?

No, sirs. I say that the hour has come when it is the duty of every man to have a solemn settlement between his heart and God. If liberty is worth anything, if rights are worth anything, the hour has come when we must have a settlement in heaven, or we have no right to be on earth. I do not appeal to any sentiment of wild enthusiasm. I would cast behind me the sentiment of mere ambition; I would rise higher than even patriotism itself, if it is possible to rise higher than patriotism when it is made holy by virtue; I would rise to the highest inspiration of the most solemn hour, and appeal to this people—the sons of reverend sires, the sons of pious mothers who have dedicated them in prayer to God, and whose spirits hover over this scene to-day. I would appeal to you all, by every memory, by every hope, by every inspiration of truth and duty, by every

idea sacred to the heart of man, to settle this question each for himself, to-night—What can I and what ought I most to do to save this bleeding country, and restore the star of peace?

I have no right or power to dictate the law of duty to any man—not even the humblest man who does me the honor to listen to my voice; but I appeal to him—judge ye for yourselves what is right. Fair boy just entering upon the prime of early manhood, the dawn upon your lip, youth and beauty upon your cheek, magnetism in your eyes, valor in your heart—why linger you here when those dear brothers of ours linger in the hellish dungeons of Virginia? What holds you here while Quincy and his compatriots are prisoners in Richmond? Why linger you here while the blood of Abbott and ten thousand of our boys is unavenged?

What keeps you here while that flag is insulted, and the memory of your fathers spurned, the rights of your people threatened, the dignity and honor of your country debased, the hopes of all your future, your children's children, down to the latest hour of coming time, trampled under foot? Oh, my God! what keeps this people from one sudden, one spontaneous, one fiery and bursting enthusiasm which should leave no man behind hardly to till the ground and watch the knife within the stall until this blood shall be avenged, until this foul wrong shall be blotted out, until this terrible rebellion shall be put down by force of arms which no valor can resist, by the mighty masses of the people against which no powers on earth can stand, and against which even the powers of hell itself can not prevail.

Well, sirs, it is going to be done. It will be done, for I see it in your eyes: the resolve mantles on your cheeks; it bursts in hurrahs from your lips, and it will be done. It will be done once and for all time, and the cursed cause of all this wrong shall be sent howling back to the den from which slavery was spawned, to curse the earth no more forever. Yes, sirs; and when the American people, wiser than policy, because the wisdom of honest hearts is combined with the wisdom of clear heads; when the wisdom of the American people, greater than the wisdom of politicians, shall have asserted itself in tones no mortal can mistake, its voice shall be heard not merely in the White House at Washington, where is reflected the will of the people, but it shall be heard in the halls of the enemy, and the followers of Jefferson Davis shall quiver with unwonted anguish as he sees, like Belshazzar of old, the handwriting upon the wall. You shall write the doom of slavery, as you write the doom of this rebellion, in the blood you have poured out from the living veins and bleeding hearts of Massachusetts men; a price of blood worth more than all the rights of bondmen—if right there can be in property accursed of heaven—which ever stood on earth or sighed beneath the sun. How much more shall we pay? I would like to know how many more Massachusetts boys are to lie down in death on the gory plain before the blow shall be struck which gives a future to your country, as it breaks the chains of the bond man. I never supposed that such talk as that was heresy on Boston Common, ("Never! Never!") and whether it is or not, I dare to utter it, for I spurn the friendship of any man who would not have me faithful to the truth. As God has spoken to my heart, so speak I to you, fellow-citizens.

But this is not an afternoon for talk; it is an afternoon for work. It is an hour for stalwart arms to strike. And now, sirs, go home, I pray you; sleep one night upon your pillows in the quiet peace of a New England home, dedicate yourselves in your evening prayer, and your morning orison to God and to your country, bind duty upon your foreheads, bear the sacred trust in your hearts, as the Jews of old did the covenants of the law in the ark of the covenant, sacred, dear, immortal as your

souls forever, and then go forth to join the army of your brethren, enroll your names upon the immortal scroll which bears the record, splendid, beautiful, sometimes as the record of a noble life, and sometimes as the record of the heroic death of the thousands of your brethren who have already devoted themselves to this war. Those who stay behind shall watch over those with whom you leave your hearts. They who remain behind shall guard the altar of your home, and believe me, fellow-citizens, trust us that we will be faithful to the sacred charge you leave with us.

There is to be no draft, I trust, in Massachusetts. There is to be no draft in the old battle-field, save the draft which the Lord himself makes upon willing hearts answered by the voluntary action of more willing hands. They are coming at the call of the country and of duty from all the shore; from the mountains of Berkshire—the Switzerland of Massachusetts—they are coming down in teeming thousands from the hill-tops; from the valley of the Connecticut they spring up like the bearded corn in the harvest time; from the hills of Worcester are pouring down to the encampments recruits of yeomen; and all along the coast from Northern Essex to where the waters kiss the shore and waft across the bay, they are coming on.

Go now, go together all of you, and heaven bless you, save and preserve our country and be with our children forever, as God has been with our fathers until now.

Osborn and Ingalls run well at home, and in their two counties their vote is so close that one would change it. Osborn received 645 majority in Doniphan County, and Ingalls received 646 majority in Atchison County.

"I can't bear children," said Miss Prim disdainfully.

Mrs. Farrington, looking over her spectacles, replied, "perhaps if you could, you would like them better."

REASONS FOR McCLELLAN'S REMOVAL. The Washington Republican intimates that McClellan was removed for no one reason, but for a hundred, and principally because the people, at the recent elections, demanded a more vigorous prosecution of the war. As Gen. McClellan stood in the way of immediate fighting, he was sent to Trenton.

The President is quoted as saying that he considers the recent elections to prove that the people want fighting Generals, instead of those who continually make excuses for not fighting! So he begins by turning out a man who does not like to fight.

"First class in Oriental Philosophy, stand up. Tibbets, what is life?"

"Life consists of money, a horse, and a fashionable wife."

"Next, what is death?"

"A paymaster who settles everybody's debts and gives the tombstone as a receipt in full for all demands."

"What is religion?"

"Doing unto others as you please, without allowing them a return of compliment."

"What is poverty?"

"The reward of merit genius generally receives from a discriminating public."

"What is fame?"

"A six line puff in a newspaper, while living, and your fortune to your enemies when dead."

"Good lesson. Take y'er bears."

What fruit does a newly married couple mostly resemble? A green pear.

Gen. Pope has established a regiment of mounted men upon the plains, especially such portions as have been infested with hostile Indian bands, and hereafter there can be no doubt about the safety of the route between the river and California.

We are to have another Major General. Brig. Gen. Augur is to be promoted for meritorious conduct. We hope he is an auger that will bore.

Lord Palmerston has been a member of the English House of Commons for fifty-five years.

Better be the head of yeomanry than the tail of the gentry.

Beware of silent water.

You will never have a friend if you must have one without a fault.